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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE
OPENING OF THE COURSE OF LECTURES
FOR
1870-71,

AT



THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE, OF PHILA'D.

OCTOBER 10th, 1870,

By JOHN C. MORGAN, M. D., PROFESSOR OF SURGERY.

Wm. P. Kildare, Pr., Nos. 734 & 736 Sansom Street.

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PHILOSOPHY IN MEDICINE.

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INTRODUCTORY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL CLASS :

TO YOU, first, I would address the word of special welcome, on the resumption of your labors in these halls. We to-day sincerely and cordially give you the hand of workfellowship, and invite you to share with your teachers the toils, and prepare for the triumphs of the college season.

Since we last met, we have refreshed ourselves from former toils by recreation : returning, I trust, with renewed vigor for the work devolving on each of us.

During the interval, this property has been purchased, extensive changes have been effected, and the improvement of the premises for the purposes of the Homœopathic Hospital has progressed to a very advanced point, as you have seen. This will be pushed at once to completion, and the regular routine of the hospital maintained to the fullest possible extent, from that moment.

So far has the work now advanced, that a new duty is presented—viz: the speedy procurement of a permanent endowment fund, of at least \$50,000 additional to the sum already raised, and so well applied.

Each of you, gentlemen—each of the friends here

convened, may well feel a personal interest in the accomplishment of this end—you for the sake of clinical advantages and the advancement of professional welfare—the laity for the sake of improvement thus secured by the physicians and surgeons on whom they themselves rely for aid—and all for the sake of Homœopathy—and above all, of that afflicted element of humanity who so much need this succor.

It is so notorious that funds of our adherents have heretofore been applied to support alloëopathic hospitals, that we may reasonably expect from this source a large fund, by natural diversion; but in addition, let us from this moment redouble our efforts to put the hospital endowment on a firm and permanent basis. Thus, maintaining its active life without cause of friction or jar, it will go on to the world's end in its blessed mission of human amelioration.

PHILOSOPHY IN MEDICINE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In accordance with honored custom, you have convened to assist us once more to initiate these labors—once more to unmoor the homœopathic ship for her winter's voyage. Twenty such and upwards (more than once with a consort), have already been happily made—made for the betterment of mankind and the advantage of her country.

Assembled once more at the same old pier whence, in 1848, as well as every subsequent year until now, she sailed with her precious cargo and crew, cheered on, as now, with gratulations of kind friends—we stand ready to cast loose her cables, and spread her sails, with earnest purposes and high hopes, to favoring gales.

Many have been the storms of those years—not few the dead calms she has encountered; all working together for her good—until now, her timbers and rigging tested to the utmost, and found equal to the need, staunch and trim she awaits the signal of sailing.

Right gallant is this day's greeting—right worthy the occasion. For herein not only is the old craft herself concerned, but that also which she carries, to bless the world withal; her freight, her passengers, her crew and officers—each holds by the mystic tie, to hearts of lookers on.

Her *personnel* may speak for themselves; be it ours

to examine her manifest, inspect her samples, and taste of her provisions.

Valuable beyond estimate, as well as unique, is her cargo; though intangible indeed, to mere brute sense, beyond the paraphernalia of the museum and lecture-room. We will name it "scientific thought." Many contributors, of all ages, have augmented and enriched the storehouses of her equipment, often at heavy cost of midnight oil, of money, of health, even of life itself.

Not a few of these workers did nobly; commanding our admiration and inspiring our emulation. But others have paid all this price, and yet failed—died broken-hearted with full knowledge of their failure, it may be; or vainly elated with factitious success. Others, our cotemporaries, are to-day in active competition for our confidence.

During the voyage now commencing, we shall touch at their several ports, survey the rocks and sands, and note the currents and winds whereby some came to shipwreck, and where the unwary may yet be cast away; as well as those other tides and breezes which set on each honest and prudent barque toward the haven of true knowledge. It will be our business to increase our stock of this most valuable merchandize—as, says the wise man, "receive knowledge rather than choice gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." We shall have to impart, receive, exchange. We shall have to inspect, select, or reject, the supplies offered us on every hand; that when full and homeward bound, we may be richly and profitably laden with the return cargo of "scientific attainment."

To this end, what care—what labor, must we give to the outward bound lading—what keen vision, always to recognize and separate the solid truth from ever fair and specious error! Yet how many, regardless of this, imbibe, reject—accept, oppose—appropriate, or decline the material offered them, without any criteria of judgment other than those of egotism, subserviency, or stupidity! How, otherwise, could Truth fail of universal recognition? The cultured, as well as the ignorant, the expert with the novice—all alike suffer the liability to these (often unsuspected) influences, subverting judgment, impairing intellectual conclusions, and so dividing human opinion.

“What is truth?” This utterance of Pontius Pilate was not new in his day; neither is it out of date in the nineteenth century. On every hand it resounds—from every student’s closet, from every watcher’s tower, from every human heart, comes the echoing query—“what is Truth?” And many are the answers, wise and unwise, but mostly discordant. One we may safely accept as fundamental—to wit: “All ultimate truth must consist with ethical purity.” Established by Dallas as a principle of art-criticism, but native to far profounder depths than this—underlying, as it does, every thought of truth, it ranks first among the canons of Philosophy. Tennyson felt it when he wrote:

“Hold thou the good! *define it well*—
For fear divine philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.”

Yet, a truly divine philosophy must take rise in ethical purity, flowing on to moral goodness.

But what is moral goodness? "Patriotism," replies the Greek; "courage," says the Roman; the Stoic, the Epicurean, have their answers—and so have all the philosophers. But what says the Christian? (I mean not the sectarian.) He replies, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." And this brief maxim we may safely assume as the sole perfect standard. Here is the touchstone of all systems, here the altar on which every priest must swear. Kant! Comte! and all ye lesser ones, come hither—hereon lay your reverent hands—and swear!

Time was, in the dusky twilight of history, ere Man, lapsed from pristine wisdom and excellence, began the reverse movement which we call civilization, that nought remained to feed his worshipful nature, once satisfied with divine love, save at best, the barren conceptions of "pure theism;" and to which some, after at least four thousand years of progress, would remit the man of the 19th century, as to absolute truth.

In such a time, the standard could only be, the ambition of the strong; the only arbiter, the sword. Men, meeting dissent, counted it perverse, and sought mutual extermination. Even yet, the relics of this lapse linger among civilized peoples, and bear a perennial harvest of contention, mutual hatred, and war.

But Christianity has a hearing—and civilization will easily adopt its simple standard of ethics—"LOVE!" Here then, is the final test of philosophy, as well as of art; the secret of the art of criticism; the stimulant, the nutriment, the very core of human thought in healthy play—the beginning of wisdom and the end of law—the motive of a true life, the objective point of true and immortal thought—in that one pregnant word we say it all.

But are there no land-marks, consistent with this standard, whereby we may define the channels of inquiry, and rectify the boundaries of thought? I answer, yes. And the first of these land-marks is named—"HUMILITY." Yet Diderot said, its name is Doubt; and Prof. Huxley tells us of Descartes, that he has "consecrated Doubt." And can it be that the first steps of mental progress must needs be taken into darkness? If so, indeed, "t'were folly to be wise." Can we, then—dare we approve Doubt, twin sister to Fear—Doubt, which never won a battle, but has lost many, material as well as figurative! which is to thought, as is panic to trade? No, no! Doubt never taught anybody anything—never will; but, though a thousand times consecrated, and canonized to boot, is nought but mental paralysis, pure and simple. True it is, unfortunately, that having been often fooled, we must doubt much, just as we must be sick much. Only, we hope better things from purer standards, and call this our misfortune, not our boast.

Moreover, the Doubt to which we are thus invited, is Janus-faced; for upon it, some found a very positive system of philosophy, indeed—a system of "positive negations"—a system, that is, of doubt which is nowise dubious, but positive, audacious, insolent, egotistic, reckless;—often consisting (to quote the editor of *The Liberal Christian*) of mere "flippant skepticism and pert denial;" never doubting that most doubtful of all things, its own infallibility; but doubting, nay denying all things else. Not that the leaders of skeptical thought are not men of calibre—but the fruit they bear in the world is of this complexion.

It is, indeed, a great misfortune in the career of an ardent, well-meaning youth, to give himself up to dalliance with Doubt; for it grows, like other habits, by what it feeds on; becoming, like the use of whiskey or tobacco, or any other vice, a necessity of life in maturer years; corrupting with egotism, or emasculating, every intellectual and moral function; and of course, utterly subverting faith in things the most sacred, the most exalted.

In truth, the path of knowledge has no single way-mark, known by the name of Doubt. Regarding curiosity as the motive, the steps themselves are rather these, viz.: 1st, Humility; 2d, Honesty; 3d, Industry; 4th, Observation; 5th, Assent, or incipient faith; 6th, Accumulation; 7th, Comparison; 8th, Judgment; 9th, Conviction, or perfected faith. Then follow induction, deduction, abstraction, etc., etc.; but never a sign of Doubt.

Vulgar skepticism, the legitimate fruit of the cultured stock, well illustrates the natural tendencies of so negative a theory. Its creed (for it has a creed,) may be summed up thus: "That which I cannot 'construct,' I cannot conceive; that which I cannot conceive I cannot believe; that which I cannot believe, cannot be; that which cannot be, is not; thus, that which I cannot construct, is not." Now for the "*reductio ad absurdum*." Life, you cannot construct—therefore, life is not. Only the living can reason, therefore Reason is not. Thus your philosophy is outside of Reason, you are not living and your reasoning is absurd.

But such philosophy stops not with absurd negation. Most fittingly, it builds on this ethereal foundation, the

monument of its vanity—a ghostly structure, with walls of speculation, and towers of imagination; a real enchanted castle, luring to shipwreck the unwary soul, yet

“Baseless as the airy fabric of a vision.”

Trusting, then, to our guide-book—“The Steps to Knowledge,” let us consider the architecture of the true temple, note its foundations and view its superstructure. In plain words, let us inquire: what are the means and sources of knowledge? Beyond all rational question,

1. SENTIENT KNOWLEDGE IS THE CORNER-STONE OF PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE;

that is to say, that seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling, are physical senses, which tell us truly of what they experience in contact with the world, with men, and with things. Also, whatsoever can be reduced, like a mathematical problem, to sensible demonstration, is likewise to be absolutely recognized, under the single limitation of accuracy, as *knowledge*.

Ordinary men will readily assent to this; but some few extraordinary men, as Hume and Stuart Mill, have dared even this bulwark. The former asserted that ideas and impressions only, are real—as to matter and mind, they are nought. Humor is probably more cogent than argument here. He has been answered, thus:

“David Hume ate a mighty big dinner—
Grew every day fatter and fatter,
And yet the huge hulk of a sinner
Denied there was spirit or matter.”

Few, indeed, are seriously affected by their nihilism; and even with the subtlety of Stuart Mill, their doctrine can hardly be said to be at all a power in philosophy, save with the few, in sustaining all sorts of ruinous and

suicidal negations. In view of speculations so repugnant to the universal consciousness of mankind, not excepting that of Messrs. Hume and Mill themselves, by their own showing, one cannot wonder at the conclusion of ordinary men, that philosophy is a delusion in its very fundamentals; nor can we but join in the old Scotchman's laughter, when he declares that "metaphysics is one man trying to tell something that he knows nothing about, to another man, who cannot make out what on earth he is talking about."

Nevertheless, philosophy does exist, and wields a most potent influence on the life, social, political, and professional, of every human being. Therefore, it is both unbecoming and unsafe to ignore or neglect its proper cultivation. The physician, with all other naturalists, may the more usefully study it, in that natural science and philosophy complement and healthfully balance each other—as Professor Huxley has so well shown of late; the materialism of the one, and the idealism of the other, working a normal mutual restraint and criticism.

The attempt made by even first-class skeptical philosophers to pluck this corner-stone from the basis of thought, is pregnant with danger to every human interest—for it sinks every practical thing in the fathomless ocean of ideality. One cannot help being grateful, therefore, that the skeptical house is, in our day, divided against itself—both spurning that which they call old and effete, but hopelessly arrayed against each other. These two sects of skeptics are the ultra-idealists of metaphysical philosophy, just spoken of, on the one hand; and on the other hand, the ultra-materialists of physical science. The first may be jocularly said to doubt

every thing they see; the second, to doubt every thing they do not see. A few, indeed, thinking to reach a *plus* by a double *minus*, attempt the heroic by doubting every thing.

But man is plainly made for practical ends, with practical capacities, both ideal and material. Upon that point, which is self-evident, it is our privilege, nay, our duty, to insist—most dogmatically; for its negation is logical suicide. Hence, practical thinking is his prime intellectual duty. Therefore, all other thinking must take an inferior place—practical *methods* of thought becoming invested with new and superior dignity. This places universal manhood on a common level; whilst the law of the moral sphere—the law of love, at once confirms man's equal rights, and checking his selfish thought and action, declares his reciprocal duty in both the intellectual and the moral work of the world.

One is led to wonder what sufficient motive can impel a brilliant intellect to seek the channels of negative thought—"consecrating doubt," and glorifying skepticism as the great intellectual purifier.

On looking into the personal history of such, one is impressed that they have been to some extent the victims of old world oppression—political, ecclesiastical, or otherwise; and that their speculations are in some sort, the weapons whereby they would avenge themselves of their tyrants. An American may well hope much from our healthy democratic institutions, in prevention of such oppressions, and the consequent restitution of practical things and practical methods of thought to their rightful domination in sound philosophy; trusting to the national faith—faith in the Golden Rule and in its cor-

relatives, for the safety of individual rights ; appealing, for these, not to an ideal mentality, but to the practical conscience.

Say what you will of the past, then, we see American skepticism now, in a peculiar and unenviable position—without political or other repressive injustice to instigate it, unless one can so speak of exceptional and isolated cases, resulting from the perpetuation, in part, of old world abuses in the new, from mere force of habit. No one need, none should be misled into “the doubting philosophy,” on such a pretext—so transient, so personal. Yet, only such a petty selfishness, or more weakly, worship of the heroes of old-world speculation can, it would seem, cause any son of our soil to so discredit the American type of thought.

Nay, friends, would you seek a philosophy worthy of your high privilege ? Look not for its bases to the great cities or institutions of the old monarchies, but remember that thought follows in vigor the march of empire—westward ! We have no time for negation, and little for speculation. We want a philosophy, not to destroy, but to fulfil—as actual as the ceaseless flow of yonder Father of Waters—broad as its ramifications—deep as its bed-rock—fertile as its valleys and prairies—indigenous and nutritious, alike, in its fruitage—simple, generous, and pure as its mountain streams—rich and profitable as its commerce—earnest, practical, and masculine as its manhood—continental, yea, world-wide in its influence and beneficent scope. Such must, such will be, America’s contribution to human thought.

You may, by giving cordially your own young manhood to the moulding power of this wonderful school,

soon learn that what I have said is only a simple deduction of the commonest prescience.

To return—we repeat: the strictly sensible demonstration of things is proof of the things; is, in fact, the starting-point of all thought. Hence, the thinker's first duty is the use of his senses—i. e. *Observation*, as the “means” of obtaining, from its prime sources, “Sentient Knowledge”—i. e. *facts*.

THE RELATION OF “CONSCIOUSNESS” TO PHILOSOPHY.

Secondly: That which one's senses discover, is inwardly made known to him through the faculty called “*Consciousness*.” This faculty of consciousness, if normal, is, like sight and hearing, indisputable; even although one be utterly alone in such experience. The same faculty reveals the existence and actions of one's own mind within; and likewise makes him aware of psychological forces transmitted to his soul from other souls. Consciousness is, therefore, a real, though invisible, internal, intuitive sense complementing every other sense and faculty, and capable of affecting and influencing the action of all; is, if you please, a “sixth sense.”

THE RELATION OF “TESTIMONY” TO PHILOSOPHY..

Thirdly: Those sensations, internal as well as external, are the legitimate subject of *testimony*; which testimony is a fair basis of judgment for those who have not experienced them. In other words, if sensation, with consciousness, be pure—free of mere opinion, hallucination, or interest, the witness veracious and the testimony clear and exact, we are bound to credit it—the same as the testimony of our own faculties. It is “moral certainty,” so called; which, whilst inferior in apparent

force to "physical certainty," or "sensible demonstration," whichever you may choose to call it, is equally entitled to belief.

But just here begins the divergence of human thought. It is human experience that the senses may be dominated and deceived by imagination and self-will, and that testimony may be vitiated by like means. Still, the fault is not in the senses, nor yet in human testimony. It lies simply in the bad quality of some witnesses. Hence, if this one point be guarded, we may willingly and properly trust both, fearless of consequences. All we want is a certainty that the witness is a true man, and knows the facts by his own senses.

Do I seem to utter truisms needlessly? Nay—for all this has been—may again, be denied and contemned. Some philosophers even pretend, that by our senses, we do not know things at all, but only the *qualities* of things; thus impeaching, a priori, all evidence of the senses, and with it, necessarily, all human testimony. These men, too, are counted great thinkers; and are not to be extinguished by a laugh. But such thinking is confessedly speculative—notional, only; hence, we conclude this a distinction without a practical difference. Things, too, like men, are known through their qualities. The Creator of the things, must needs have harmonized their essence with their qualities, and our senses with both—by the *law of harmonies*, which pervades the universe. The fact that our *desires* are often out of tune, only proves some great soul-perversion, leaving the harmonial law, as well as the sentient nature in full credit. The Creator has endowed us with means of practical thought; and we always find our duties

best, and most surely attain success (judging success by the standard of duty), by adhering to its methods. Be not deceived, therefore, neither abashed, when they are, as sometimes they are, despised. Give us, then, a "credible witness" to any fact, and we *must* believe in the fact, or stultify our own senses; and reason, too—since all our thinking starts with our simple sentient knowledge.

For illustration of the credible witness, I might cite the apostles, who died (*not* for their *faith*, mark you, but) for their *testimony*, as St. Peter, declaring the resurrection of our Lord, adds, "whereof we all are *witnesses*."* But a far less illustrious example will suffice us—to wit: Samuel Hahnemann. He did *not* so willingly suffer, for his theories—or for his faith—it was for his *testimony* to facts which he knew, and to the fundamental law necessarily deduced from those facts, as well as for its practical application. Therefore, his work is immortal. Be it remembered, then, that facts are thus immortal; and that sound testimony gives *reliable knowledge* of them, carrying with them all *legitimate inductions*, abstractions, etc.†

A philosophy such as this is however, obnoxious to dangers and fallacies of its own. Thus, if men sit still, gloating over their facts, what are they but intellectual misers, hiding their capital in the napkin of indolence? Nay, but put them to usury in the commerce of intellect, and they shall produce tenfold—for facts have a power of reproduction, like the seed-corn of our fields. A thoughtful lad observes a simple fact, as he sits

* Acts II, 32.

† See Grauvogl's "Text Book of Homœopathy"—pages 128 to 153, and 165 to 179.

watching the dancing lid of a tea-kettle—and the power of steam as a motor becomes the seed-thought whose increase is proclaimed by that mighty witness, the steam engine. Another playfully joins two lenses, sees everything nearer than reality—and the telescope and the wonders of astronomy are the gain of that one talent.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY, AND REASON.

But not all which pretends to the inductive harmony here illustrated, does so justly. Often does the farmer, looking for wheat, find but tares and “cheat” to repay his care and labor; and the philosopher may well take the hint. We do not forget, then, that not all *inferences* from facts are legitimate. Only those which necessarily lie parallel to, or follow from, or lie behind the facts, i.e. which are in *necessary* harmonial relation to them, are so. All legitimate and sound deductions also harmonize together; although the harmony may be awhile hidden. Thus, for instance, one set of medical experiences seem to support the idea of cure by contraries—another set, that of cure by similars. But closer thinking shows that the two ideas are after all but partial, and belong together as an indivisible unit—the curative means being the similar, the curative result the contrary.*

Again: almost every mind is liable to be biassed, in *estimating* facts, by desire for, or repugnance to possible conclusions, on many subjects. The affections, the passions, and the will, constantly assail reason, and warp it to their own ends. Egotism, revelling in ultra self-consciousness, and inspiring a reckless self-confidence—prejudice, arbitrarily rejecting all hostile facts as well

* See Grauvogl.

as conclusions, and accepting all that is agreeable to it, with or without proof; cowardice, fearing the truth, or 's avowal; hero-worship, awaiting the *verbum magistri* ere it speak, or even think; vacillation, fearing to accept anything, and by turns accepting everything; indolence, hasty generalization, mental reaction from previous extremes, incredulity and dishonesty—any or all of these may be arrayed against any fact, against any testimony, against any conclusion, even to its suppression, sometimes; or to its perversion, more frequently. As Pope rhymes it:

“The ruling passion—be it what it will—
The ruling passion conquers Reason still.”

But simplicity and honesty are a perfect antidote to all these; and we need only affirm that all healthy minds rightly accept good observation, sound testimony, and all legitimate conclusions therefrom, with implicit faith.

Ethical purity, not only of the thought, but also of the thinker, is here a *sine qua non*; for what can a soul out of tune know of harmonies? The more precise they are, the less can it appreciate them. No one, surely, will deny this. All must admit that the test, though severe, is both just and universal, and conforms to the “real and permanent order” of Truth.

Fourthly, then—whatever runs in such necessary harmonious relation everywhere with facts known by any means, is with them of course reliably established, and to be absolutely received as *knowledge*—despite all *a priori* reasons to the contrary.

Incredulity herself, that shameless counterfeit of Wisdom—self-consecrated muse of philosophy—profane mocker of all things true—dare not openly impeach it.

The daring flights of *a priori* philosophy, even, must be winged from this firm ground, if it would escape contempt and instant disaster. And like the fabled Antæus, son of mother Earth, it must often return hither to be refreshed from the maternal bosom. One must tread the earth to mount the skies—must humble himself to be exalted. So is it that Humility, not Doubt, comes to be the first step to philosophy.

We have noticed four principal means of knowledge—1. *Observation* by the senses; 2. *Consciousness*; 3. *Testimony* of credible witnesses; 4. Harmonial induction, deduction, abstraction, and other processes of *Reason*; and may now call attention to the fifth, viz:

DIVINE ILLUMINATION, AS A SOURCE OF ORIGINAL KNOWLEDGE.

Here I may be disputed. Nevertheless, to ignore it, I must be false to conviction and to the necessity of human dependence on a higher power. If proven, it becomes a basic principle in a *really* positive philosophy. We certainly have illustrious authority in its favor, in the teachings of the wisest of the ancients, as well as of the moderns—and it is no offset to the latter, that some great philosophic names may be quoted in rebuttal; for reasons already given. And before all these, may be named the testimony of many living witnesses, to a personal experience of the fact. One such testimony outweighs a thousand doubts; indeed, it cannot fairly be impeached. Only the aforesaid “pertness of denial,” and skepticism, reinforced by laughter, can impugn it. But denials and laughter go for nothing, until the testimony be weighed in Reason’s court; and if we hasten, even here, to discredit human testimony, we introduce

the elements of mental anarchy with lightness of heart—for we thus impeach our own consciousness, as well.

Rather let us exclaim, with Emerson :

“ Ah ! what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.”

“Profoundly superficial” philosophy, following Hume and others, will indeed conclude that the words “mysticism” and “miracle” are at once a sufficiently serious refutation of the proposition, and a stamp of scientific scorn; both being, as they say, nought—the first being incomprehensible, and the second, impossible, according to all experience. Both statements, however, are fallacious and absurd—we might almost say contemptible; for, with unscientific haste, they assume and adopt the erroneous definitions of ecclesiasticism, which they despise.

It is a well-known fact, and no paradox, that we here assert—Science is full of mysteries, and yet it is science. And be the mysteries never so incomprehensible—what of that? They yet may not be ignored. As to miracles, every phenomenon of nature is such—therefore, they are familiar to experience—some being common, others uncommon—some, not so uncommon as we imagine;—but all the “wonderful works” of the Creator are miracles—some on the low plane of inorganic creation, with a sort of common-law code controlling them; others, on the higher plane of vegetable life, with a constitutional code, to suit the higher condition—the former laws superseded and held in abeyance, so long as the new element, Life, continues. Yet other miracles we see in animal life; a higher plane of creation, under higher constitutional law, subversive of the former. And finally, ascending to the highest plane, to

wit: the spiritual creation—the final statutory code is established. At once, this supersedes the common law, and provides for special and unusual applications of the other codes. Or, if you prefer, you may regard this as a yet higher constitutional code—the code of free will, voluntary obedience, love, faith, and divine psychology. This new law is made expressly for this plane also; and may prove, on occasion, exceptionally subversive of all ordinary experience under the rest.

One may sneeringly ask—"do you call that proof?" I reply, No, it is an observed fact. And why seek to prove vision, or hearing, or taste, or consciousness? One would be but a fool to make or ask "proof" of that which can only be known by the senses—known, too, by everybody who does not wantonly bridle and buffet and badger his faculties at the despotic command of Self-Will—goading them by the spur of a wild and skeptical imagination into every by-path and through every slough and tangled maze of unreason.

We thus learn that perfect law is not inexorable, but flexible to the multitude of varying conditions. Hence, (impostures out of the question), a miracle, though without precedent, *is of law*; yet is it none the less all it seems, to wit: a divine interposition. To assert the violation of all law in it, whether in its favor or against its credibility, clearly amounts to a claim of omniscience and infallibility, too extravagant for tolerance. Hence, the denial of its *possibility* on such grounds is both barbarous and puerile; whilst any attempt to explain away its transcendant character, to reduce it to commonplace and insignificance, argues hopeless mental platitude or bondage to a philosophical whim.

I fearlessly appeal, then, to the personal consciousness of every man who has not thus, of malice aforethought, stultified that consciousness—for the evidence that he is the subject of spiritual suggestions and impressions—of which some are true and others false—but all utterly independent of any chain of previous thought;—which are not the mere subjective vagaries of his own mind, and which often become important elements in his life. Then, in view of human dependency, and its *necessary harmonial complement*, divine protection and instruction, the true must be sought through the centre of all truth—the Deity Himself. So he not weakly concludes—and thereupon, despite his intellectual pride, he successfully acts. It is in this direction that ignorance often stumbles, as men think, into success, whilst culture, stultified in both consciousness and intellect by self-will, pursues an imaginary light—a will-o'-the-wisp, to lamentable failure. Says Schopenhauer, quoted by Grauvogl, “The will is ever the antagonist of the intellect.” Beware, then, of Self-Will!

What of fanatical abuses and errors, on this head? First, I reply, counterfeits must needs appear—always will exist; but the tests of the genuine are simple. First—divine teachings specially concern principles, and the proper use of them in daily life—not their philosophy; that comes by reasoning, *a posteriori*. Second—they have an ameliorating purpose and effect, if obeyed in simplicity. Third—whilst paramount and prior to reason, they do not violate it. Fourthly, they do not clash with each other. Fifth—they are realized fully, according to the humility, simplicity, and purity of the

heart. "Light is *shown* for the righteous, and truth for the upright in heart." Sixthly—Ultra self-consciousness is excluded, and a divine consciousness dominant. Hence, and seventhly, a divine faith must be the normal status of the life.

Thus we see that philosophy involves morals, as prior to reason—and morals involves faith. Hence, reason and faith are married in one body of philosophy. "What God has joined, let not man put asunder."

Not being myself a member thereof, I may, I think, without seeming invidious, instance the Society of Friends, commonly called "Quakers," as a signal proof that whatever errors may accrue from, or fallacies attend the claim of divine illumination *when perverted by egotism*, that bane of all sound thinking—still, the actual working of this idea is safe. The national tribute of endorsement is seen in the delicate responsibility laid on them in connection with the Indian Bureau.

All of those virtues, and all of that acknowledged wisdom, thus given to the nation's cause, they themselves assign most humbly to this divine illumination, as an original source of knowledge, prior to, independent of, consistent with reason—and cognized by the "consciousness" directly, in simplicity and purity of heart-atmosphere;—just as the visual organ cognizes directly the size, form and color of things, and as the ear cognizes sounds, realizes harmonies, and resents discords.

But what say the sages, both of the present and of ancient times?

One of the most notable of our day—one who will certainly not be charged with fogysm—is Prof. Huxley. He clears our way of the issue raised by the criti-

cism thus: "To deny the possibility of a miracle is little better than speculative atheism;" and the dictum is as strictly scientific as any he has uttered.

The philosophy of our day is, indeed, deeply imbued with this great idea—that the Creator resides in the creature. Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Emerson, are even charged with "pantheism," as seeing in all nature the actual divine personality. Inevitably, it must be claimed for man above all; whilst in its higher manifestations at least, all will agree that it is the prerogative of purity—of moral soundness.

Certain celebrated names, indeed, as Emmanuel Kant and Auguste Comte, represent other views. It may even be thought that together they all are champions in a sort of "triangular fight," as we say, wherein thinkers take sides according to bias; a view nowise creditable, it must be confessed, to the claims of current philosophy.

Hero-worship, or subserviency, nowhere appears more potent than in philosophy; yet, in truth, every child in the republic of letters may well maintain his own independent purity of intuition, and indulge in modest criticism of the greatest of his teachers. Hence, when Kant puts a barrier between the domains of pure reason and of the practical, between the intellectual and the moral, isolating their philosophies, we object most seriously. True thought is one and continuous everywhere; and such fragmentation is both unnatural and unreasonable. Consistently, he must annul the espousals of reason and faith, destroy their mutual influence and guardianship, and estrange faculties which were meant ever to dwell together *in unity*; leaving each to a career of solitary, cold-blooded speculative egotism.

Again, Comte would forbid us to meddle at all with ideas of "essence" or "cause" of things, demanding exclusive attention to the phenomena and *laws* of things. Both doctrines appear arbitrary, and the latter is professedly of limited view—is plainly a capital starting point, but a very indifferent end, of philosophy.

Although, as a bar to transcendental vagaries, and as a stimulant to productive and lucid thought, these rigors are useful, the authorities are too restrictive, negative. They must consistently ignore, not only cotemporaneous philosophy, but likewise the consciousness of the whole human race in its native and normal simplicity; that, namely, of the divine presence in things; always felt—everywhere realized—ever insisting on its own recognition by a willing faith; a consciousness, too, which affords a safe and happy refuge from that bondage of self-consciousness of which generous minds are oft so weary—which affords inspiration and scope, beside, to the purest and highest art—and which nearly every other great authority professes cheerfully and openly.

Indeed, the drift of modern thought, beneath the materialism of the surface, is emphatically in this direction. And, moreover, we recognize this divine consciousness as above reason, and prior to it; just as sight and hearing are so. Hence, like these, it must be accepted, if normal, as a basis of reasonable thought—of sound philosophy; and a guaranty of ethical purity, the great requisite of its foundation.

Fallacies of consciousness are not unknown, it is true; but they have the same origin and nature with those which invalidate any other sense, viz.: disease or imagination, and above all, *self-will*. These are to be guarded against just as in all other cases. Especially is divine

consciousness impossible in the presence of self-will, which is but egotism in specious guise. Self-consciousness, being itself the child of self-will, is also but egotism reproducing itself; for we are conscious of Self only by wilful effort. And, in spite of Sir William Hamilton, this is but an unnatural restraint upon the mind's free play; consequently injurious to science as well as fatal to genius. Objectivism is the atmosphere of great minds, subjectivism of little ones.

How does the man of fastidious culture envy the child his fresh, untrammelled freedom. And what would he not give to be rid of his own burden of Self, whose relentless pressure so galls him! And that childhood with which he parted, long—long ago—how joyfully would he take it into his maturity! To do this indeed, itself is genius; so says Coleridge; and a wiser than Coleridge teaches us that such we must be if we would see God.

Dallas, author of "The Gay Science," which a learned friend proposes to re-name "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," whilst defending Sir Wm. Hamilton against Stuart Mill, admits that he has, in some cases, been smitten in the joints of his harness, and points out a special weakness here; insisting, aye proving, contrary to him, that the faculties, physical and metaphysical, have freest and truest play when in spontaneous, because *unconscious* action—self-consciousness retarding or even arresting it, and terminating enjoyment in it. What, then, can we say of the wilful thinker? Only this—he must surely mistake his own way, mislead others, and at length suffer shipwreck of his hopes, as so many have done before him.

Beware, then, of holding Truth as it were at arm's

length, whilst inspecting and testing it, dragooning, curbing and coercing the æsthetic faculty (to which it appeals) at the sacrilegious demand of self-will, and in the interest of a morbid self-consciousness.

Beware, too, of the consequences to humanity; for he is but an enemy of the human family who can either ignore or defy consequences; though some bold men do, indeed, boast their disregard of all such considerations.

Practical humane utility is, then, an indicator to true science; a test of its value, and a stimulus to its discovery. Such utility may be awhile unseen, but it is an intrinsic quality of Truth; therefore we cannot approve the dictum of a recent writer on Homœopathic Materia Medica, that questions of utility are impediments to pure science.

Faithfulness to humanity, as well as faithfulness to God—in a word, Love—is, we repeat, the ethical test of every philosopher, of every system. It is certainly the will of God; and he who does God's will has the promise, "he shall know!" Love is light; love liberates from Self; love is the central truth; love is philosophic harmony in its inner soul; as Tennyson so grandly sings:

"Love took up the harp of life,
And smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self,
That trembling passed in music out of sight."

Knowledge is the gift of love; it concerns a loving purpose, and finds a congenial soil and atmosphere in a loving heart. Then, let all knowledge be baptized in benevolence and utilized in the grand work of making human kind happier, better, more childlike and simple—hence, more truly manlike; therefore, more godlike.

To return : it is apparent that our proposition is well sustained by the current philosophy of our day as well as by our own consciousness. Divine illumination is virtually an admitted fact.

But what say the ancients ?

ZOROASTER is one of the most venerated of the teachers of our race—a cotemporary, it is supposed, of Abraham. In the light of that morning of Inspiration, he declares that “the creation of all that is good in word or deed in the world, belongs to Mazda” (God). To Ahriman he ascribes the origin of evil—(*i.e.*, to the devil,) including material as well as moral evil ; certainly a more plausible idea than that which ascribes it directly to God.

The great philosopher, SENECA, says—“Without God there is no good man ; it is He who inspires with grand ideas and exalted designs. * * * * A heavenly power animates an humble and excellent soul.”

BIAS, one of the seven sages, exhorted his disciples to “remember that all the good you do comes principally from the gods.”

Says CICERO—“Rome and Greece have produced great men ; and we ought to believe that none of them became such but by the assistance of God. There never was a great man without some degree of Divine inspiration.”

Even CONFUCIUS, usually claimed as an illustration of man’s *independent* intuition of truth, admits “*heaven hath given me virtue.*”

Says the ancient Orphic verse, recited by the priests of Ceres to their novitiates, “walk in the path of righteousness, adore the Master of the universe ; He is one ; all beings owe their existence to Him ; He acts in them and by them.”

PLINY says, of inventions useful to society, "They are the gift of the gods, and if any one imagines that man made these discoveries by chance he makes ungrateful returns for the presents of the Divinity."

PLUTARCH says of this doctrine, "only ignorant and stupid people ridicule it." And, further, "God is so far from destroying our free agency, that He not only inspires us with a will, but He warms the imagination and *imparts ideas* by which we are determined. It is thus He gives birth to the will, to which he adds confidence and hope. Indeed, we must either exclude God from having any part as to the moving cause and principle of our operations, or confess that there is no other way to succor men and to coöperate with them. For He does not move our bodies, but by certain ideas which He awakens in us He excites our souls to active virtue, thus giving us a will, and restraining or turning it from evil."

Finally, among the Pagans, HIEROCLES, who counsels thus: "Never put thy hand to a work before thou hast implored the gods to finish what thou art about to begin."

The teachings of Holy Writ are, of course, saturated with this idea. For instance, ELIHU, the friend of Job, declares—"Days should speak, and multitude of years should speak wisdom; but there is a spirit in men: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

EZEKIEL, the prophet, prefaces his teachings repeatedly thus: "The word of the Lord came unto me." And, by way of distinction, note the antithesis furnished in his XIIIth chapter—"thus saith the Lord God, 'woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit,

and have *seen nothing.*' " So true is it, that mere unaided human speculation leads to false, even absurd conclusions; or as Kant, in his "Critique," so fully shows, to "inevitable paradoxes and irreconcilable results;" wherefore Auguste Comte boldly denying human ability to cope at all with the great questions which have employed the ages of philosophy, demands that we cease thus to waste our time and energies, and confine ourselves to the study of laws only, in the metaphysical as well as physical kingdoms. Practical advice, and valuable, no doubt; but mankind has soul-needs which scorn his limits and nullify his advice, and which constantly goad us and ever will; again and again precipitating us upon the same old problems, and bringing us into the presence of the same old paradoxes. Woe then to the foolish prophets, who "prophesy out of their own hearts," ignoring the only possible solvent of these problems, and rejecting the only talisman which can reconcile those paradoxes; divorcing faith from reason, or even substituting speculation for it; refusing the light of heaven, while bewailing and illustrating the darkness of earth.

St. Peter's quotation from the book of Joel* is in direct defence of the revelations of the great feast-day; so caustic yet unjust was criticism then. And our Lord himself put our proposition to the common sense of his auditors, by showing that God will do even better for man in this regard than man will do for his hungry child!

Lastly, the Apostle James says, "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him." And he proceeds to distinctly declare that divinest wis-

* Acts ii.

dom is not only consistent with faith, despite the purblind philosophy which denies it, but still further, and most emphatically, exalts a *perfection of faith* as necessary, thus: "but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavers is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think to receive anything." St. John, too, beautifully shows that the loving heart *lives in light*.

But there will yet be doubts concerning a self-unconscious mentality as a condition of pure thought. Dallas, already mentioned, is at hand to aid us. Thus, he refers to "the alliance between pleasure on the one side, and self-forgetting or unconsciousness on the other," and quotes approvingly an oriental story "showing that the nobler activities of the mind require this unconsciousness," arguing that too close a watch kept on the workings of one's own mind is destructive to their activity. It is, indeed, in the language of Pope,

"Like following life through creatures you dissect—
You lose it in the moment you detect."

Schiller says, "Man is perfect only when his mind is in free play, * * * * and its movement is a play or pleasure." Inertia, or overstraining or coercing the mind must thus negate both pleasure and perfection.

Dallas again: "outside our consciousness there rolls a vast tide of life, which is, perhaps, even more important to us than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken." And again: "could Shakspeare himself have *known* what he was, and yet have been what he was?" Again: memory itself "is a power that belongs even more to the unconscious than to the conscious mind." Witness the experience that we cannot remem-

ber when we try, but remember soon after we have ceased to try.

Referring to Sir Walter Scott's dictation to an amanuensis, we find him reciting one sentence, and unawares composing the next at the same moment—even pronouncing a stray word of it. And in composing "The Bride of Lammermoor," we learn that he suffered and groaned in the extremity of painful illness, mingling the flow of finest sentences with anguished cries; and that on finishing the work, more strangely still, he "had no memory of it—to no one did the tale appear a greater novelty than to himself." It was also the custom of Sir Walter, when embarrassed in composition of a plot, to dismiss the whole subject from conscious and voluntary thought for the day. On the morrow came a spontaneous and easy solution, evolved from the realm of self-unconsciousness.

"Archimedes was in the bath when he jumped to the shout of 'Eureka;' and the angel of the Lord appeared unto Gideon as he threshed wheat by the wine-press in 'Ophrah, to hide it from the Midianites.

"I believe it was Goethe who pointed out that Saul, the son of Kish, found a kingdom while his only thought was to find his father's asses."

Says Mozart—"if you think how you are to write, you will never write anything worth hearing. I write because I cannot help it."

And yet there must be no *inattentive* mentality, which would be mere Quietism—for "attention is the prayer of the intellect; only here we must limit ourselves to attention that is passive." Says Wordsworth:

"Nor less, I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves the mind impress,

And we can feed this soul of ours
In a wise passiveness."

But why multiply illustrations of so common a truth as that our faculties move best when untrammelled and uncoerced beyond or outside of their natural play?

Who needs to be told that only a dyspeptic takes note of the fact that he has a stomach? Who does not know that the industry of the bee-hive is impaired when we watch it? And who forgets that the deepest things are hid from the wise and prudent, but *revealed* unto babes? Much more, however, is given by the author I have referred to, defending this attitude of normal human thought. He likewise points out the fact that the "mystical" element in thought, so commonly decried, is the *very foundation of all great art*, inasmuch as there is no such thing as great art without it. Yet more, there is plainly no great philosophy which does not grapple it, as there is no great science which is not confronted and somewhere arrested by it. Who, then, will estimate the stupidity of either ignoring or contemning it, of belittling its dignity, or of refusing its demands upon our reason? No system, however "positive," can long survive the violence thus done to the deepest instincts of the human soul.

But the test is ever to be held to it. On the one hand, its love-spirit must approve, or on the other its egotism condemn it. Herein is sure guidance. If love be its keynote—worshipful, Godward—benevolent, manward; if self-will be silent; if egotistic self-consciousness be put away, the soul in lowly childlikeness waiting and walking in the divine light—it may safely be trusted; otherwise, it is but darkness. This is not simply my

assertion. That it is *your own observation and experience* I may safely aver; for "this is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We must, then, rightly to seek, and consciously to receive the divine, become self-unconscious; and we always receive through asking. As Lowell reminds us,

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away—

'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Is self-consciousness, then, totally and always disallowed? Nay, it is inseparable from reflection—logic—testimony. But this we say—harmonial thought, intuitive thought, æsthetic thought, perception of fitness, call it as you will, can lay its course in the line of the beautifully true, only from this humble, unselfish platform; passing thus from the known, from that which "is"—to that which *a priori* "must be;" this, too, only through an atmosphere unmixed with egotistic consciousness, or the sound of cold dialectics; tending, by the ethical compass, the love-spirit, towards the divine centre, whose emanations at once attract and guide its flight, and guaranty its destiny. This is free thought, indeed!

But only the pure soul may presume thus to aspire; only the anointed vision can perceive the goal afar; without these the philosopher must be content to plod o'er lower ways on the three-legged steed of Logic, or with would-be pinions essay the ether, he knows not unto what fate.

Some tell us we do all our thinking, knowingly or not, by logic. True, our best thoughts may *afterwards* be reduced to syllogism; but it is by no such method we reach the best conclusions; the harmonial verdict, rather are they, of common sense and instinct; (I mean not,

common prejudice and conceit.) And I do not hesitate to assert, defying refutation, that ofttimes the pure, plain man who would stumble in a syllogism, and whom the aristocracy of philosophy would condemn and scorn, is the habitual recipient and depository of truth so high, so beautiful, so transcendent, that all dialectic forms become as stubble and dross before it.

We have seen that there are five principal means of knowledge. They may be reduced to four, viz: 1. Observation; 2. Testimony; 3. Harmonial Deduction, Induction, &c.; 4. Divine Illumination. *After these*, the purveyors of basis-knowledge, we name Logic, which takes the material obtained by these means, forms it into syllogistic terms, and, placing them in order, educes results. Here is the sole function of logic; it could not act without these materials; it dares not swerve from its syllogistic function; it shrinks not to adopt the offered premises, or to declare the results; and least of all does it ever instigate a sneer at them—for is it not the servant of all! Truly is logic the servant of thought; Love, its rightful sovereign, supreme and autocratic.

Does our philosophy come into useful contact with the life of the physician? Hourly, it does so. Who, more than he, must keep ever in view the canons of sound practical thought? On whom do more weighty problems, of life and death, depend for solution? Who has reason to look out upon mankind in sympathetic fraternity if not he? Who, more than he, should look up to heaven in self-doubting, self-renouncing prayer? Who oftener has occasion to know that his powers are but feebleness itself without divine aid? Nay, what true physician does not implore it? And, especially,

what Homœopathic physician can forget that his whole practice is a deduction from the original illumination of the Master?

Thus was it with Samuel Hahnemann. Unselfishly he entered on medical practice. But where he would do good he saw, dismayed, an evil result. What then? He relinquished every ambitious aim, and opened the book of natural science, that other volume of revelation. He took a nauseous drug himself—preferred, if need be, rather to assail his own than another's vitality in experiment. There was need, and the inquiry was made. The answer came—and swift as the eagle, this pure, unselfish soul perceived the celestial blazour—“*similia, similibus curantur: in hoc signo vinet.*” All the conditions being met the result was infallible.

And where was the halting steed? Aye, what say the Medical logicians? Have they not demonstrated to their own assurance that Homœopathy is a fallacy, a delusion, a humbug, a—well, does not language fail them in assigning it a name of fitting scorn and contempt? And yet, as ever, “wisdom is justified of her children.” A truer logic and sounder dialectics, as Grauvogl shows, but confirm the truth long ago revealed to Hahnemann (“divined” by him, as contemptuously said by one of his professed disciples), and not dimly presaged by many before him, from the time of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine. And the *logic* of medicine may yet, by the aid of homœopathic masters, presume to stand side by side with her elder sister, who sprang into life by divine power, from the brain of the pure, the unselfish Hahnemann.

Do the leading authorities in our opponents' ranks

emulate this true spirit ? What do their acts reply ! Do they open their ears to our testimony of facts ! Do they humbly and without bias judge of our conclusions ! Do they honestly repeat our experiences ! Do they fearlessly give the credit of success to our law ?

It is the privilege of all to walk in the light. God forbid, then, that we throw any shadow upon either our own path, or that of another ; but let each, as a true man, walk in the light he has, and *modestly* reflect it upon others ; seek more, and bid his fellows God-speed. Let allopath, eclectic, and homœopath, low-dilutionist and high-dilutionist, “ mongrel ” and “ purist,” alike repudiate all unnatural and arbitrary restrictions, strengthen the weak, take up all stumbling blocks, leave each one free, and without censure, to find his own level ; give each honest brother the hand of fellowship ; hear his experience ; accept his aid, and reciprocate it with simplicity of heart.

Let us be willing to learn from everybody, not even having that egotistical pseudo-liberality, which Socrates long ago described, declaring that “ the Athenians are willing to allow a man any opinions, if he retain them within himself ; but if he attempt to instruct them, they are indignant.” But with a genuine, because truly fraternal liberality, let us together go forward as best we may, upon our mission of blessing ; forgetting all feuds, remembering and fulfilling the great commandment—loving God and our neighbor—and ever holding up our banner, inscribed with the motto, symbol of our dedication, to—**GOD—HUMANITY—LIBERTY !**

And may you, gentlemen, reaching forward this day to a new epoch of your student-life, moved by the high inspiration of which we have spoken, here vow eternal fealty to duty! May you be possessed by the noblest conceptions of its standard—nothing less than that laid down for mankind in Holy Writ; may you emulate each happy example of devotion, of earnest labor, of genuine success; remembering that the playground is behind you, the labor of life before you, its temptations about you.

Hear, and take up to-day, the keynote of a true life, sounded in these lines of Frances Anne Kemble:

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear—
Look on it—lift it—bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin—
But onward! upward! till the goal ye win."

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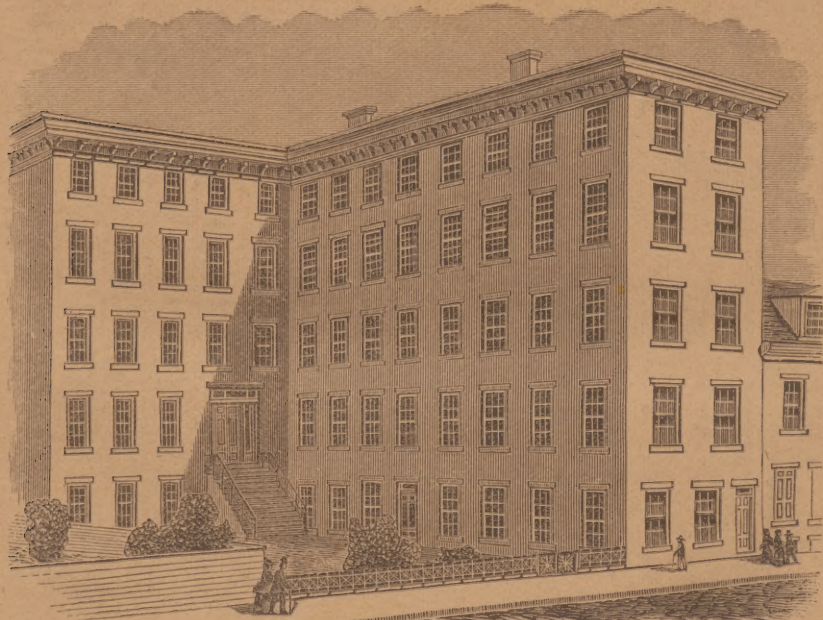
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